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day in London," and "A Journey by Coach"; while the purely critical papers are keen and discriminating, and exhibit in large measure that ability to appreciate merit wherever it may be found which Lord Macaulay noted as one of the special characteristics of Hunt's critical essays. All of the papers, however, may be read with pleasure, and many of them are rich with suggestive thought. Hunt never attempts to exhaust a subject, but he seizes on some single topic, which he illustrates with various learning, and adorns with a lively fancy; and no one can read these volumes without feeling how admirably the writer has succeeded in his single object of showing "that the more we look at anything in this beautiful and abundant world with a desire to be pleased with it, the more we shall be rewarded by the loving Spirit of the universe with discoveries that await only the desire."

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15.—*Familiar Letters from Europe.* By CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON, late President of Harvard University. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865. 16mo. pp. 392.

THE letters which are printed in this volume were written by the late President Felton during a visit to Europe in 1853 and 1854. To those who had the privilege of familiar intercourse with their author, they will serve as a pleasant memorial of one of the most genial and warm-hearted of men. They recall his kindly presence, his cheerful humor, his quick sympathy, and many other of the delightful traits of his character. Written with the ease and frankness of domestic confidence, they are full of the marks of the ready intelligence, the wide cultivation, and the solid scholarship for which Mr. Felton was distinguished. Written without thought of publication, they have an unstudied worth above the value of more labored compositions.

The greater part of the volume is occupied with letters from Greece, and in these the special qualities of the writer show to peculiar advantage. The mingling of description with reflection, of picturesque and animated narrative with the classical reminiscences suggested by the scenes and incidents of the journey, of personal experience and historical allusion, gives to the journal of his tour a rare combination of literary excellence. The favorite studies of a lifetime had fitted him to travel in Greece with the greatest advantage. His letters bear the impress of his delight in finding himself among the scenes which had so long been familiar to him in the pages of the poets, the historians, and the orators of this the chosen land of his affections.

Whoever, without leaving home, desires to see Athens, and Thebes,

and Argos, and Thermopylæ, whoever would visit Modern Greece in company with one whose imagination is filled with her ancient glories, and who has confidence in her future career, will find in this too brief volume the means of gratifying his desire, and will learn to cherish the memory and respect the name of one whose untimely death has left an irreparable void in the society of which he formed so important a part, and by whose members he was so much beloved.

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16.—*The Journal and Letters of SAMUEL CURWEN, an American in England from 1775 to 1783; with an Appendix of Biographical Sketches.* By GEORGE ATKINSON WARD. Fourth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1864. pp. xxiv., 678.

IT is not hard to feel pity for many of the loyalists of the Revolution, but our sympathy belongs of right to better and braver men. There is always a kind of pathetic interest in a losing cause, and sentimentalists are never wanting who make picturesqueness of attitude the test of soundness of principle.

“Pitied by gentle hearts Kilmarnock died,  
The brave, Balmerino, were on thy side.”

Yet no men were ever engaged in a worse cause than the Jacobites, and few ever chose their side from meaner motives than the men whose musical names are so temptingly sonorous in heroic verse. Kilmarnock or Balmerino (for the story is told of both and fits either) said that, “if Mahomet had set up his standard in the highlands, he would have joined it, for he must eat.” The case of our American loyalists was different, inasmuch as they espoused the side of the established order; but the motive was in most cases an equally selfish one, though with them the selfishness was passive merely, while with the Jacobites it was active and ran some risk. They mostly chose the side they thought likely to succeed, and therefore most wholesome for their estates. To us the most interesting of our sufferers by the Revolution were some of the country clergy, who had little to save and nothing to gain, and who set brave examples of dogged otherwise-mindedness. Mr. Ward in his Preface quotes the familiar hyperbole of Lucan, *Victrix causa* and the rest, but the real question is whether God only permitted or was pleased with the victory. The sufferers for righteousness’ sake are sure of victory in the memory of mankind, and their images are borne in the triumphal procession which sooner or later celebrates the accomplishment of their ends. The spilt milk of history is no more worth regret than any other; and as for the lost milk-and-water, the less said of it the better.